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L O N D O N:

A

Juvenalis (P. 2)

Imitationes

P O E M,

In Imitation of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

----- *Quis ineptæ*

Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?

JUV.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *R. Dodsley*, at *Tully's Head* in *Pall-Mall*.

MDCCXXXVIII.

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IN IMITATION OF

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.



THE PATRONS OF THIS, FOR PUBLISHED BY

J. W.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O W D N.

PUBLISHED BY R. DODD, 21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1800.



L O N D O N :

A

P O E M,

IN IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

I HO' Grief and Fondness in my Breast
rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the Town
farewell,

Yet still my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend,
I praise the Hermit, but regret the Friend,
Who now resolves, from Vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in distant Fields a purer Air,
And, fix'd on CAMBRIA's solitary Shore,
Give to St DAVID one *true Briton* more.

J U V. SAT. 3.

*Quamvis Digressu veteris confusus Amici ;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod Sedem figere Cumis
Destinet, atq; unum Civem donare Sibyllæ.*

B

For

² For who would leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia's* Land,
 Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?
 There none are swept by sudden Fate away,
 But all whom Hunger spares, with Age decay:
 Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,
 And now a Rabble rages, now a Fire;
 Their Ambush here relentless *Russians* lay,
 And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;
 Here falling Houses thunder on your Head,
 And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

³ While *THALES* waits the Wherry that contains
 Of dissipated Wealth the small Remains,
 On *Thames's* Banks, in silent Thought we stood,
 Where *GREENWICH* smiles upon the silver Flood:
 Struck with the Seat that gave * *ELIZA* Birth,
 We kneel, and kiss the consecrated Earth;

² *Ego vel Prochyta præpono Suburræ,
 Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
 Deterius credas horrere Incendia, Lapsus
 Tectorum assiduos, et mille Pericula sævæ
 Urbis, & Augusto recitantes Mense Poetas?*

³ *Sed, dum tota Domus Rhedâ componitur una,
 Substitit ad veteres Arcus.* —

* *Q. Elizabeth born at Greenwich!*

In pleasing Dreams the blissful Age renew,
 And call BRITANNIA'S Glories back to view;
 Behold her Cross triumphant on the Main,
 The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of Spain,
 Ere Masquerades debauch'd, Excise oppress'd,
 Or *English* Honour grew a standing Jest.

A transient Calm the happy Scenes bestow,
 And for a Moment lull the Sense of Woe.
 At length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,
 Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring Town.

* SINCE Worth, he cries, in these degen'rate Days,
 Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praise,
 In those curst Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,
 Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;
 Since Hope but sooths to double my Distress,
 And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little less;

* *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando Artibus, inquit, honestis*

Nullus in Urbe Locus, nulla Emolumenta Laborum,

Res hodie minor est, hære quam fuit, atq; eadem Cras

Deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc

Ire fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit. Alas;

Dum nova Canities

While yet my steady Steps no ⁵ Staff sustains,
 And Life still vig'rous revels in my Veins;
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier Place,
 Where Honesty and Sense are no Disgrace;
 Some pleasing Bank where verdant Osiers play,
 Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Paintings gay;
 Where once the harrafs'd BRITON found repose,
 And safe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;
 Some secret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.
⁶ Let----live here, for----has learn'd to live.
 Here let those reign, whom Pensions can incite
 To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;
 Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,
 And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;
 With slavish Tenets taint our poison'd Youth,
 And lend a Lye the Confidence of Truth.

⁷ Let such raise Palaces, and Manors buy,
 Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,

⁵ ——— et Pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo Dextram subeunte Bacillo.

⁶ Cedamus Patriâ: vivant Arturius istic
 Et Catulus: maneat qui Nigrum in Candida vertunt.

⁷ Queis facile est Ædem conducere, Flumina, Portus,
 Siccandam Eluviem, portandum ad Busta Cadaver. —
 Munera nunc edunt. —

With warbling Eunuchs fill our silenc'd Stage,
And lull to Servitude a thoughtless Age.

Heroes, proceed! What Bounds your Pride shall hold?
What Check restrain your Thirst of Pow'r and Gold?
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.

To such, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,
When publick Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n :
⁷ But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me,
Who start at Theft, and blush at Perjury?
Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S Court he sing,
To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing ;
A Statesman's Logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the *Gazetteer* ;
Despise a Fool in half his Pension drest,
And strive in vain to laugh at *H---y's* Jest.

⁸ Others with softer Smiles, and subtler Art,
Can sap the Principles, or taint the Heart ;

⁷ *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: Librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere. —*

⁸ *———Ferre ad Nuptas quæ mittit Adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alij: Me Nemo Ministro
Iur erit, atq; ideo nulli Comes exeo. —*

With more Address a Lover's Note convey,
Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.

Well may they rise, while I, whose Rustic Tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varnish Wrong,
Spurn'd as a Begger, dreaded as a Spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

¹⁰ For what but social Guilt the Friend endears?
Who shares *Orgilio's* Crimes, his Fortune shares.
¹¹ But thou, should tempting Villainy present
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy scornful Eye,
Nor sell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,
The peaceful Slumber, self-approving Day,
Unfullied Fame, and Conscience ever gay.

¹² The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites see!
Mark whom the Great cares, who frown on me!

¹⁰ *Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius? —*
Charus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accusare potest. —

¹¹ *— Tanti tibi non sit opaci*
Omnis Arena Tagi, quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum,
Ut Somno careas. —

¹² *Quæ nunc Divitibus Gens acceptissima nostris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

LONDON! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,
 The Common Shore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;
 With eager Thirst, by Folly or by Fate,
 Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.
 Forgive my Transports on a Theme like this,
¹³ I cannot bear a *French* Metropolis.

¹⁴ Illustrious EDWARD! from the Realms of Day,
 The Land of Heroes and of Saints survey;
 Nor hope the *British* Lineaments to trace,
 The rustic Grandeur, or the furly Grace,
 But lost in thoughtless Ease, and empty Show,
 Behold the Warriour dwindled to a Beau;
 Sense, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,
 Of FRANCE the Mimic, and of SPAIN the Prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
 Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel;
 Hiss'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,
 Their Air, their Dress, their Politicks import;

¹³ ——— *Non possum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam Urbem. ———

¹⁴ *Rusticus ille tuus sumit Trechedipna, Quirine,*
Et ceromatico fert Niceteria Collo.

¹⁵ Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On *Britain's* fond Credulity they prey.
No gainful Trade their Industry can 'scape,
¹⁶ They sing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;
All Sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

¹⁷ Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,
I drew the Breath of Life in *English* Air;
Was early taught a *Briton's* Right to prize,
And lisp the Tale of HENRY's Victories;
If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,
And what their Armies lost, their Cringes gain?

¹⁸ Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple *Gaul* was born a Parasite:
Still to his Int'rest true, where'er he goes.
Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his lavish Tongue bestows;

¹⁵ *Ingenium velox, Audacia perdita, Sermo Promptus, — —*

¹⁶ *Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus: omnia novit Græculus esuriens, in Cælum, jusseris, ibit.*

¹⁷ *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra Infantia Cælum Hausit Aventini? — —*

¹⁸ *Quid? quod Adulandi Gens prudentissima, laudat Sermonem indocti, Faciem deformis Amici?*

In ev'ry Face a Thousand Graces shine,
From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.

¹⁹ These Arts in vain our rugged Natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lie,
And gain a Kick for aukward Flattery.

Besides, with Justice, this discerning Age
Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:

²⁰ Well may they venture on the Mimic's Art,
Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;
Practis'd their Master's Notions to embrace,
Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;
With ev'ry wild Absurdity comply,
And view each Object with another's Eye;
To shake with Laughter ere the Jest they hear,
To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear,
And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,
To shake in Dog-days, in *December* sweat.

*Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis
Creditur. —*

*Natio Comæda est. Rides ? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.*

D

How,

²¹ How, when Competitors like these contend,
Can furlly Virtue hope to fix a Friend ?
Slaves that with serious Impudence beguile,
And lye without a Blush, without a Smile ;
Exalt each Trifle, ev'ry Vice adore,
Your Taste in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore ;
Can *Balbo's* Eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.

For Arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carest,
They first invade your Table, then your Breast ;
²² Explore your Secrets with insidious Art,
Watch the weak Hour, and ranfack all the Heart ;
Then foon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,
Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.

²³ By Numbers here from Shame or Censure free,
All Crimes are safe, but hated Poverty.

²¹ *Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus : laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit Amicus. —*

²² *Scire volunt Secreta Domûs, atque inde timeri.*

²³ — — *Materiem præbet causasque Focorum
Omnibus hic Idem ? si fæda et scissa lacerna, &c.*

This, only this, the rigid Law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the darling Muse ;
 The sober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak,
 Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke ;
 With brisker Air the filken Courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied Taunt a thousand Ways.
²⁴ Of all the Grievs that harrafs the Distrest,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful Jest ;
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,
 Than when a Blockhead's Insult points the Dart.

²⁵ Has Heaven reserv'd, in Pity to the Poor,
 No pathless Waste, or undiscover'd Shore ?
 No secret Island in the boundless Main ?
 No peaceful Desert yet unclaim'd by SPAIN ?
 Quick let us rise, the happy Seats explore,
 And bear Oppression's Insolence no more.

²⁴ Nil habet infelix Paupertas durius in se,
 Quam quod ridiculos Homines facit.

²⁵ ——— Agmine facto,
 Debuerunt olim tenues migrasse Quirites.

This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confest,
²⁶ SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPREST:
 But here more flow, where all are Slaves to Gold,
 Where Looks are Merchandise, and Smiles are sold,
 Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,
 The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord.

But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous Cries
 Roll thro' the Streets, and thunder to the Skies;
 Rais'd from some pleasing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,
 Some pompous Palace, or some blisful Bow'r,
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aking Sight,
 Sustain th' approaching Fire's tremendous Light;
 Swift from pursuing Horrors take your Way,
 And leave your little ALL to Flames a Prey;
²⁷ Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,
 For where can starving Merit find a Home?

²⁶ *Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat
 Res angusta Domi, sed Romæ durior illis
 Conatus. — — —
 — — — — — Omnia Romæ
 Cum pretio — — —
 Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.*

²⁷ *— — — — — Ultimus autem,
 Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem
 Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, teſtoq; juvabit.*

In vain your mournful Narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your Woes.

²⁸ Should Heaven's just Bolts *Orgilio's* Wealth confound,
And spread his flaming Palace on the Ground,
Swift o'er the Land the dismal Rumour flies,
And publick Mournings pacify the Skies;
The Laureat Tribe in servile Verse relate,
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;
²⁹ With well-feign'd Gratitude the pension'd Band
Refund the Plunder of the begger'd Land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy Vassals come,
And crowd with sudden Wealth the rising Dome;
The Price of Boroughs and of Souls restore,
And raise his Treasures higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the Baubles of the Great,
The polish'd Marble, and the shining Plate,

²⁸ *Si magna Asturici cecidit Domus, horrida Mater,
Pullati Proceres. —*

²⁹ — *Jam accurrit, qui Marmora donet,
Conferat Impensas : hic, &c.
Hic Modium Argenti. — —*

³⁰ *Orgilio* sees the golden Pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.

³¹ Could'st thou resign the Park and Play content,
For the fair Banks of *Severn* or of *Trent* ;
There might'st thou find some elegant Retreat,
Some hireling Senator's deserted Seat ;
And streth thy Prospects o'er the smiling Land,
For less than rent the Dungeons of the *Strand* ;
There prune thy Walks, support thy drooping Flow'rs,
Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs ;
And, while thy Beds a cheap Repast afford,
Despise the Dainties of a venal Lord :
There ev'ry Bush with Nature's Musick rings,
There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings ;
On all thy Hours Security shall smile,
And bless thine Evening Walk and Morning Toil.

³⁰ ——— *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Perficus Orborum lautissimus. ———

³¹ *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ Domus, aut Fulinone paratur,
Quanti nunc Tenebras unum conducis in Annum,
Hortulus hic ——— ———
Vive Bidentis amans, & culti Villicus Horti,
Unde Epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.*

Prepare

³² Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,
And sign your Will before you sup from Home.

³³ Some fiery Fop, with new Commission vain,
Who sleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man ;
Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feast,
Provokes a Broil, and stabs you for a Jest.

³⁴ Yet ev'n these Heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way ;
Flush'd as they are with Folly, Youth and Wine,
Their prudent Insults to the Poor confine ;
Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,
And shun the shining Train, and golden Coach.

³⁵ In vain, these Dangers past, your Doors you close,
And hope the balmy Blessings of Repose :

³² — *Possis ignavus haberi,
Et subiti Casus improvidus, ad Cœnam si
Intestatus eas. —*

³³ *Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat Pœnas, Noctem patitur lugentis Amicum
Peleidæ — — —*

³⁴ — *Sed, quamvis improbus Annis,
Atq; Mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina Lena
Vitari jubet, et Comitum longissimus Ordo,
Multum præterea Flammæ, atq; ænea Lampas.*

³⁵ *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliât te
Non deerit : clausis Domibns, &c.*

Cruel

Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Despair,
 The midnight Murd'rer bursts the faithless Bar;
 Invades the sacred Hour of silent Rest,
 And plants, unseen, a Dagger in your Breast.

³⁶ Scarce can our Fields, such Crowds at *Tyburn* die,
 With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet supply.
 Propose your Schemes, ye Senatorian Band,
 Whose *Ways* and *Means* support the sinking Land;
 Lest Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,
 To rig another Convoy for the K---g.

³⁷ A single Jail, in ALFRED's golden Reign,
 Could half the Nation's Criminals contain;
 Fair Justice then, without Constraint ador'd,
 Sustain'd the Ballance, but resign'd the Sword;
 No Spies were paid, no *Special Furies* known,
 Blest Age! But ah! how diff'rent from our own!

³⁶ *Maximus in Vinculis Ferri modus : ut timeas ne
 Vomer deficiat, ne Marræ et Sarcula defint.*

³⁷ *Felices Proavorum Atavos, felicia dicas
 Secula, quæ quondam sub Regibus atq; Tribunis
 Viderunt uno contentam Carcere Romam.*

³⁸ Much could I add, - - - - but see the Boat at hand,
The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land :

³⁹ Farewel ! - - - - When Youth, and Health, and For-
tune spent,

Thou fly'st for Refuge to the Wilds of *Kent* ;
And tir'd like me with Follies and with Crimes,
In angry Numbers warn'st succeeding Times ;
Then shall thy Friend, nor thou refuse his Aid,
Still Foe to Vice forsake his *Cambrian* Shade ;
In Virtue's Cause once more exert his Rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

³⁸ *His alias poteram, & plureis subnectere Causas :*
Sed Jumenta vocant. — — — —

³⁹ — — — — *Ergo vale Nostri memor, & quoties te*
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramq; Dianam
Convelle a Cumis : Satirarum Ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in Agros.

F I N I S.

much could I add --- but for the Boat at hand,
The Tide running calls me from the Land
Farewell --- When Youth, and Health, and For-
tune spent,

Then flyst for Refuge to the Wilds of Kew;
And t'ild like me with Follies and with Crimes,
In angry Numbers warnt' succeeding Times;
Then shall thy Friend, nor thou retain his Aid,
Still Foe to Vice forsake his Country Shade;
In Virtue's Cause once more exert his Rage,
Thy Satire point, and annihilate thy Page.



F I N I S